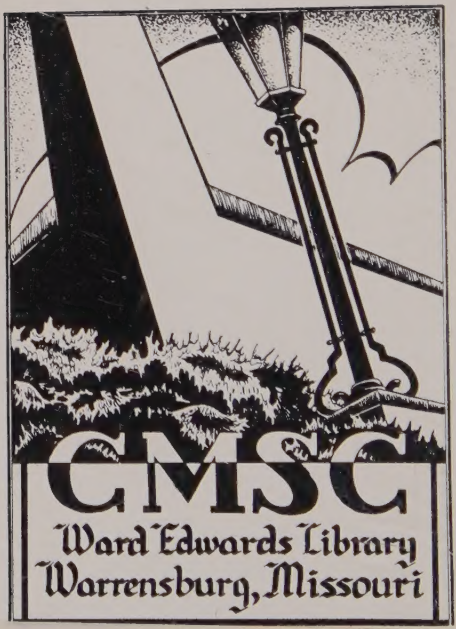

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Songs from the Elizabethans
Squire, John Collings

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SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHANS

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SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHANS

BY

J. C. SQUIRE

LINCOLN MAC VEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS
NEW YORK MCMXXV

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HARRISONBURG, VA

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1925

PREFACE

WHEN I began to bring together what I thought the best of the Elizabethan songs, I was at once faced with the question "What is a song?" I soon decided that my life at least would be too short for the framing of a satisfactory definition. We think we know a song when we see one, but there must be, and are, borderland cases. An extreme instance is Campion's poem beginning:

"When thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest. . . ."

When we first read that it certainly does not appear to us to be a song. Yet Rossiter set it to music with the author's assent, and published it as a song. As an Elizabethan

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song we must therefore regard it. I have regarded as available for my choice all Elizabethan poems which were published with music, as well as all poems, described by their authors as songs, and all other poems akin to these.

Under the last analysis the main subjects of all poetry are seen to be few, commonplace and enduring; for the main elements in our lives and surroundings, which make the most frequent and the deepest appeal to our emotions, do not change. But it will be found that the subjects of Elizabethan songs are restricted in a more special sense; that many of the songs might have been deliberately written as variations on agreed themes; and that the subsidiary objects mentioned tend, as one reads on, to become familiar. The camp one scarcely ever enters; there is an occasional visit to the tavern; there are broadly comic songs, witches' songs, Middleton's gipsy songs, a lusty smith's song. But most frequently we are either with shepherds and shepherdesses in a pastoral landscape or with a lutanist and his lady in a Tudor hall or garden. The poet either sings directly to his lute, or through the Arcadian convention in terms of Corydon and Phillis, the earlier Strephon and Chloe. Either way subjects and

sentiments tend to run in grooves. The lover, courtly or rustic, sings his lady's praise; her beauties and virtues, dwelt on one by one, are incomparable; Venus is jealous of her, and Cupid disarmed by her. Or he laments her cruelty; or he asks, entreats, implores her to relent; or he comforts himself for the loss of her; or it is the shepherdess who is forlorn and the shepherd unkind. To the lute, Love, strange malady, delightful pain, accursed infliction, is dissected, adored or denounced; to the lute and pipe the passage of youth and pleasure is sung, more often as an incitement to the gathering of rosebuds in their brief season than as a consolation to despair. And above all these poets are singers of spring, spring in the world and in the heart. Pure joy is rare in poetry, but it is here in a hundred lively songs of spring birds and spring flowers, spring mornings, spring love and spring nuptials. Dominant over all the griefs, real or assumed, the reproaches and scorns, the mementoes of death and the maledictions on Love, is this air of gaiety, this morning freshness, whether genuine of the English country or imputed to an imaginary Utopia where the flocks feed in the sun and Tityrus pipes to Amaryllis in the shade, the rejoicing spirit that breaks out in those lines which Herrick

alone of later men could have written, where the girl calls of the sun :

> " In at our window peeping ;
> Lo, how he blusheth to espy
> Us idle wenches sleeping."

As a rule certain qualities of observation, thought and feeling are, at their most intense, absent from these songs. That they should not be markedly descriptive or meditative is not a peculiarity ; that is inherent in the nature of song. The manner of song is to be simple in its statements and comparisons, to express the peaks rather than the foundations, the results rather than the processes of thought and emotion. Analysis is not its business and it does not keep its eye too attentively on the object. Burns could paint genre in detail ; but, singing, his manner is the right manner of :

> " O my love is like the red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June. . . ."

No poet has described the sea and the shore with more discriminating accuracy, more fullness of detail, than Tennyson ; but in song he can go no farther with epithet than :

" Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea . . . "

and the " happy autumn fields " of the other song would have been described with far greater elaboration had they occurred, as background or as simile, in the *Idylls of the King*. The Elizabethan songs are full of nature, but it is nature simplified and generalised. That, and a similar brevity of reflection, is natural; though some men, such as Shakespeare, can go farther, whilst still singing, than others. But the whole range of emotion, granted suitable expression, is open to song: we find that the Elizabethan songs do not as a rule express great depth and ardour of feeling. This might prove true also of any such great gathering of song; it may be that always and everywhere it springs most often from light-heartedness. It is certainly so here. There are many songs of grief, and they are exquisitely done; but the grief does not usually give us a pang; we are just touched as we are meant to be, and as the singer was; the tinge of artifice is general. When a deeper depth than normal is sounded, and a Catullan sincerity comes in, we are at once struck by it: the man, we know at once, really feels and means what he says; he is not delightfully

pretending; he writes from a stir of genuine emotion. That unmistakable note of earnestness sounds, though soberly, in Daniel's

"When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart."

There is reality in the song from Dowland:

"Dear, if you change, I'll never choose
again . . .
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain."

and in the anonymous *Once did I love*:

"Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved
her,
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross;
I say no more, because I loved her."

and poignantly in Campion's ending:

"'Tis now flowery May;
But even in cold December,
When all these leaves are blown away,
This place shall I remember."

Sidney, who said "Look in thy heart and write," always has an uncommon air of reality

in his songs as in his sonnets. His catalogue of his lady's beauties, similar in progress, is far more fervent and convincing than those of Lodge and all the others who so prettily registered the golden hairs, the damask cheeks and the ivory breasts. His serenade, which always reminds me of Brahms's, has a concreteness and sincerity unsought by many poets whose shepherds sang charmingly under their shepherdesses' windows:

"That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:
Yet asleep methinks they say,
Young folks, take time, while you may.
Take me to thee and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

The reader's heart stands still and flutters again; the very "no, no, no," almost a poetical counter or cliché of the time, takes a new accent here, less like Rosalind's and more like Juliet's. Most of the singers are at a remove from life, especially when they are not avowedly gay. The lover may say he is heart-broken, but he says it neatly and with a carefully melodious sigh; the vanity of the world may be denounced but not in the tones of Wordsworth, much less in those of Timon; the passage of life is lamented,

but dust rather than corruption is the chosen image for its decay; the might of the leveller Death is proclaimed, but he is not invested with his horrors. Life was what it is: the manner of the song-writers had no close contact with it. In song the fierce and turbulent genius of Faustus's creator, who died in a tavern brawl, gave us *Come live with me and be my love*, and the squalors and miseries of Robert Greene, which we know from his prose, find no reflection in the perfect Arcadianism of *Fair Samela*, whiter than the flocks by Arethusa's fount.

The Elizabethans rejoiced in bird-song, and took a pretty pleasure in filling their verses with syllables, tirra-lirra, jug-jug, pee-wit, suggesting the diversity of notes, the tunes of lark and thrush, nightingale and boding owl. Their own songs were as various; the nineteenth century itself, with all its conscious and proclaimed experimentalism, was not more prolific of metrical and rhythmical invention. English poetry had from the earliest ages been marked by a great range of music. Wever's lovely

"In a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay
The byrdes sang sweet in the middes of the day . . ."

with which this anthology opens has a reminiscence of the early mediæval metre, of Langland's

" In the summer season when sweet was the sun . . . "

and the lyrical range of middle English religious verse is only just beginning to be realised. Our native genius lay that way. Under the influence of Ben Jonson and Donne—themselves, on occasion, cunning manipulators of trochaic and wavering rhythms and bold devisers of new forms—a tendency to resort more exclusively to iambics set in, though elsewhere, in imagery, shape of stanza, adventurousness of thought and expression, liberty ran into licence. The reaction in favour of lucidity, sense and correctness was accompanied by a further constriction of prosodic practice. Not only were the iambics prevalent in the days of Anne and the Georges, but verse forms, in general, were reduced to a very few. The couplet of pentameters or tetrameters (one must use the terms for convenience), the elegaic quatrain, the quatrain or octette in " common measure " sufficed for almost every poet. The lingering Elizabethanisms in Dryden's songs are like the

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last rays of a sunset. When, in Anne's day, we come across such tripping tunes as that of Walsh's

> "Distracted with care
> For Phillis the fair"

or Lord Peterborough's

> "I said to my heart between sleeping and waking"

we have (though we may appreciate the Augustans for what they were) the sensation of seeing a trout in the gold-fish pond, and later, Blake's *Songs of Innocence* were, as much in sound as in sense, a throw-back as well as a throw-forward from that age of regularity and sophistication. The "Romantic Movement," whatever its defects and excesses, did at least release our natural passion for free songs, which had been confined in a strait-waistcoat. The passion and the gift have never been more freely exhibited than by the song-writers of Elizabeth's time, which virtually means every poet of her time, including those whose first aim was narrative or dramatic. I cannot but quote a few examples from this multitudinous choir. There is Alexander Montgomerie's

"Hey! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shrouded the shawis
Thro' Nature anon,"

an anticipation of Wordsworth's stanzas where the cattle feed forty as one. Nicholas Breton, sweet and tender and lovable in all his work, gives us a new melody in every song. Nothing in English is more delicious than the joyous, breathless rush of his *Astrophel's Song*, so strangely neglected by anthologists:

"Fair in a morn (O fairest morn!)
Was never morn so fair,
There shone a sun, tho' not the sun
That shineth in the air.
For the earth and from the earth,
(Was never such a creature!)
Did come this face (was never face
That carried such a feature).
Upon a hill (O blessèd hill,
Was never hill so blessèd!)
There stood a man (was never man
For woman so distressèd).

The sedate Spenser himself broke into something similar in *Perigot and Cuddy's Roundelay*:

" It fell upon a holy-eve,
(Heigho, holy-day !)
When holy fathers wont to shrive
(Now ginneth this roundelay),
Sitting upon a hill so high,
(Heigho, the high hill !)
The while my flock did feed thereby,
And while the shepherd's self did spill . . . "

Sir Philip Sidney is as various as any. His music is very personal to himself; there is something hushed and mysterious in it, and an elaborate art; it has a quality in common with Mr. de la Mare's. The atmosphere of all the serenades and starlit balconies is summed up at once by his:

" Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth ? "

He experimented as became a poetical theorist. One of his poems in this book is in Alexandrines; another, *Doubt you to whom*, is written in the Omar Khayyám stanza with an extra syllable to the three rhyming lines which gives them " a dying fall." A whole school of moderns is anticipated and excelled in Greene's *Venus to Adonis*:

" Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?
Upon thy Venus that must die
Je vous en prie, pity me.
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ? "

The sound here is the very voice of enticing supplication. " Jolly " is the only word for the tune of Wootton's

" Jolly Shepherd, shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily
On a hill so cheerily . . . "

and jollity and every other mood is reflected in the tripping and tramping, laughing and sighing measures of the host of songs in the music books. How could song begin more sweetly than with :

" Corydon, arise my Corydon !
Titan shineth clear.
Who is that calleth Corydon ?
Who is it I hear ? "

That is the speaking voice.

" A shepherd in the shade his plaining made
Of love and lovers wrong,
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass
And thus began his song."

Here, I think, we may detect the influence of the sister-art. Poet and musician in that age reacted on one another; where words are set to music we sometimes feel that the poet's melody suggested the musician's, and sometimes that the musician suggested developments of rhythm to the poet. In Campion, who was both poet and composer, this is especially noticeable. He was of those whose interest in technical discovery, like Sidney's, is evident; not one of the spontaneous and care-free singers; he carefully considered every sound for its speed and weight and neighbourhood. Sometimes I think music and words were born together in him; sometimes I believe (though one can scarcely demonstrate this) he conceived a tune for instrument and singing voice and fitted words to it with strange and charming results to his poetry.

There is no space here for observations which might be made from a historical point of view. The collection is arranged in chronological order—except for the anonymous songs, which are grouped together—and a progression in style may be noticed. The Elizabethan note was not quenched on a sudden; styles overlapped; it was difficult to decide when and where to end this anthology. In a song of

Sir Walter Raleigh's may be found premonitions of the Restoration lyric; in the seminal craftsmanship of Ben Jonson's *Still to be neat, still to be dressed*, an augury of much that was to follow. I cannot conclude, however, without a word on the songs of Shakespeare. His magnitude, his marvellous power and ease, show here as elsewhere. Our greatest tragedian was our greatest comedian, our greatest dramatist was our greatest song writer. Variety of music is at its height in him; the new form comes inevitably to fit the new theme. The cadences of his laments, the caressing notes of his invitations, the lilt of his merry-makings, are equally beautiful, and his mark is on the slightest trifle that he carelessly "warbled" in any stock contemporary fashion:

"It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring."

He does the utmost that can be done with the song. Elaborate epithet is not possible,

but he can throw off "Plumpy Bacchus with bright eyne." Sense, in a song, must not so arrest the attention as to impede the movement, but Shakespeare approaches audaciously, without crossing, the frontier beyond which description would kill singing quality, in the last stanza of *When daisies pied*:

"When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit;
To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

The themes of his songs are often the themes that a hundred others treated: happy and unhappy lovers, the transience of youth, the peace of death, the vanity of the world, spring and the lark at dawn. But he surpassed them all without effort in songs inevitable, final. A hundred others in substance, but none in perfect achievement, came near:

"Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn
And those eyes the break of day . . ."

or :

" Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings
And Phœbus 'gins arise . . . "

and the classic summary of all the requiems is :

" Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."

Reading these we cease to inquire, and we cannot discover, how far a genuine personal passion is to be detected in them. Art carries them beyond the personal ; the most perfect speech is at the instant service of universal experience ; the emotions of all humanity are voiced ; the songs even, quintessential of their subjects, take various colourings from the eye that reads them :

" Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

He is saying, with a vast yet ineluctable difference, what all his contemporaries had said ; yet the words serve the purposes of

many moods; at times they are as light as thistledown, at times plangent with sorrow. Equally "commonplace" in theme:

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude . . . "

may seem, according to our mood, the expression of a transient sigh from a disillusionment about to be dismissed, or the fruit of a last abiding bitterness. His songs, like his speeches, have the proverbial quality; all the songs of seclusion are contained in the phrase:

> "Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather."

His witches' songs excel the other witches' songs, his fairy songs (one of which foreshadows much of the *Faithful Shepherdess* and *Comus*) excel the other fairy songs. And there are songs in which he reminds us of no one but himself, in which there is a magic, born like Iris of sun and rain, which conveys far more than is said. How much of life smiles and sighs in:

"When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day!"

It is meaningless but how pregnant; how vague yet crowded the sentence with which he dismisses us at the end, "But that's all one, our play is done," leaving us still pondering at his wisdom and sensitiveness, his tears and his laughter, his speech and his silences.

* * * * *

One liberty I have taken with many of the songs printed here. Some had titles given to them in the original editions; I have given titles to the rest, partly for uniformity's sake and partly because my nature abhors a vacuum between poem and poem. Apart from the works of the various authors I have searched a large number of miscellanies and anthologies, ancient and modern, for the purpose of this book. I owe a special debt to Bell's *Songs from the Dramatists*, the various collections of the late A. H. Bullen (whose notes have been a great help), Professor Arber's selection from the period, and above all the Rev.

E. H. Fellowes' superb collection of the verses set by the lutanists and madrigalists, which contains a very large number of poems never reprinted elsewhere. I must thank Miss Dorothy Wooldridge for a most careful transcription.

J. C. Squire.

SONGS FROM THE ELIZABETHANS

ROBERT WEVER

[*c.* 1550]

IN YOUTH IS PLEASURE

In a harbour grene aslepe whereas I lay,
The byrdes sang swete in the middes of the day,
I dreamed fast of mirth and play:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go—
And when I waked it was not so:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and hartes delight:
In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

NICHOLAS UDALL
[1504–1556]

I MUN BE MARRIED A SUNDAY

I mun be married a Sunday;
I mun be married a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be married a Sunday.

Roister Doister is my name;
Roister Doister is my name;
A lusty brute I am the same;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I found;
Christian Custance have I found;
A widow worth a thousand pound;
I mun be married a Sunday.

Custance is as sweet as honey;
Custance is as sweet as honey;
I her lamb, and she my coney;
I mun be married a Sunday.

When we shall make our wedding feast,
When we shall make our wedding feast,
There shall be cheer for man and beast,
I mun be married a Sunday.
I mun be married a Sunday.

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD
[1534–1604]

THE SHEPHERD'S COMMENDATION OF HIS NYMPH

What shepherd can express
The favour of her face,
To whom in this distress
I do appeal for grace?
A thousand Cupids fly
About her gentle eye.

From which each throws a dart
That kindleth soft sweet fire
Within my sighing heart,
Possessèd by desire:
No sweeter life I try
Than in her love to die.

The lily in the field,
That glories in his white,
For pureness now must yield,
And render up his right:
Heaven pictured in her face
Doth promise joy and grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light
That beats on running streams,
Compares not with her white,
Whose hairs are all sunbeams:

So bright my nymph doth shine
As day unto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceeds the damask rose,
Which in her cheeks is spread,
Where every favour grows:
In sky there is no star,
But she surmounts it far.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In fair carnation-wise,
He shows in my nymph's face,
As queen of every grace.

This pleasant lily white,
This taint of roseate red,
This Cynthia's silver light,
This sweet fair Dea spread,
These sunbeams in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE
[1540–1610]

DAWN

Hey! now the day dawis;
The jolly cock crawis;
Now shroudid the shawis
Thro' Nature anon.
The thissel-cock cryis
On lovers wha lyis:
Now skailis the skyis;
The nicht is neir gone.

The fieldis overflowis
With gowans that growis,
Quhair lilies like low is
As red as the rone.
The turtle that true is,
With notes that renewis,
Her pairty pursuis:
The nicht is neir gone.

Now hairtis with hindis—
Conform to their kindis,
Hie tursis their tyndis
On ground quhair they grone.
Now hurchonis, with hairis,
Aye passis in pairis;
Quhilk duly declaris
The nicht is neir gone.

The season excellis
Through sweetness that smellis;
Now Cupid compellis
Our haitis echone
On Venus who walkis,
To muse on our maikis,
Syne sing for their sakis—
"The nicht is neir gone!"

All courageous knichtis
Aganis the day dichtis
The breist-plate that bricht is
To fight with their fone.
The stonèd steed stampis
Through courage and crampis,
Syne on the land lampis:
The nicht is neir gone.

The freikis on feildis
That wight wapins weildis
With shyning bricht shieldis
At Titan in trone;
Stiff speiris in reistis
Over corseris crestis
Are broke on their breistis:
The nicht is neir gone.

So hard are their hittis,
Some sweyis, some sittis,
And some perforce flittis
    On ground quhile they grone.
Syne groomis that gay is
On blonkis that brayis
With swordis assayis:
    The nicht is neir gone.

NICHOLAS BRETON
[1542–1626]

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
When as May was in her pride:
There I spied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not;
She said, Never man was true;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not Love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON

A PASTORAL OF PHYLLIS AND CORYDON

On a hill there grows a flower,
  Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
  Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
  Fringed all about with gold;
Where doth sit the fairest fair,
  That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phyllis fair and bright,
  She that is the shepherds' joy;
She that Venus did despite,
  And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
  That the world desires to see;
This is the *ipsa quæ* the which
  There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
  Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
  Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes! yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherds' Queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON

ASTROPHEL'S SONG OF PHILLIDA AND CORYDON

Fair in a morn (O fairest morn !)
  Was never morn so fair,
There shone a sun, though not the sun
  That shineth in the air.
For the earth, and from the earth,
  (Was never such a creature !)
Did come this face (was never face
  That carried such a feature).
Upon a hill (O blessèd hill,
  Was never hill so blessèd !)
There stood a man (was never man
  For woman so distressèd) :
This man beheld a heavenly view,
  Which did such virtue give
As clears the blind, and helps the lame,
  And makes the dead man live.
This man had hap (O happy man !
  More happy none than he ;)
For he had hap to see the hap
  That none had hap to see.
This silly swain (and silly swains
  Are men of meanest grace :)
Had yet the grace (O gracious gift !)
  To hap on such a face.

He pity cried, and pity came,
  And pitied so his pain,
As dying would not let him die,
  But gave him life again.
For joy whereof he made such mirth
  As all the woods did ring;
And Pan with all his swains came forth
  To hear the shepherd sing;
But such a song sung never was,
  Nor shall be sung again,
Of Phillida the shepherds' queen,
  And Corydon the swain.
Fair Phillis is the shepherds' queen,
  (Was never such a queen as she!)
And Corydon her only swain,
  (Was never such a swain as he!)
Fair Phillis hath the fairest face
  That ever eye did yet behold,
And Corydon the constant'st faith
  That ever yet kept flock in fold:
Sweet Phillis is the sweetest sweet
  That ever yet the earth did yield,
And Corydon the kindest swain
  That ever yet kept lambs in field.
Sweet Philomel is Phillis' bird,
  Though Corydon be he that caught her
And Corydon doth hear her sing,
  Though Phillida be she that taught her:

Poor Corydon doth keep the fields,
  Though Phillida be she that owes them,
And Phillida doth walk the meads,
  Though Corydon be he that mowes them :
The little lambs are Phillis' love,
  Though Corydon is he that feeds them,
The gardens fair are Phillis' ground,
  Though Corydon is he that weeds them.
Since then that Phillis only is
  The only shepherd's only queen ;
And Corydon the only swain
  That only hath her shepherd been—
Though Phillis keep her bower of state,
  Shall Corydon consume away ?
No, shepherd, no, work out the week,
  And Sunday shall be holiday.

THE FORSAKEN MOTHER

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
Born as I doubt to all our dole,
And to thyself unhappy chief:
Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.

Thou little think'st and less dost know
The cause of this thy mother's moan;
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,
And I myself am all alone:
Why dost thou weep? Why dost thou wail?
And know'st not yet what thou dost ail.

Come, little wretch—ah, silly heart!
Mine only joy, what can I more?
If there be any wrong thy smart,
That may the destinies implore:
'Twas I, I say, against my will,
I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
Would God Himself He might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase grace.
I know right well, for thee and me:

But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chance
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend:
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchas'd blame.

Then will his gentle heart soon yield:
I know him of a noble mind:
Although a lion in the field,
A lamb in town thou shalt him find:
Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid,
His sugared words hath me betrayed.

Then mayst thou joy and be right glad;
Although in woe I seem to moan,
Thy father is no rascal, lad,
A noble youth of blood and bone:
His glancing looks, if he once smile,
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock asleep;
Sing lullaby and be thou still;
I, that can do naught else but weep,
Will sit by thee and wail my fill:
God bless my babe, and lullaby
From this thy father's quality.

JOHN STILL, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS

[1543 (?)–1608]

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold;
I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

JOHN STILL, BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
  The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
  Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
  Of this jolly good ale and old."
    Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
  Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
  Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
  Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or old.
    Back and side go bare, go bare,
    Both foot and hand go cold;
    But, belly, God send thee good ale
      enough.
    Whether it be new or old.

EDMUND SPENSER

[1552–1599]

A DITTY

IN PRAISE OF ELIZA, QUEEN OF THE SHEPHERDS

See where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight !)
Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden queene,
And ermines white :
Upon her head a cremosin coronet
With damaske roses and daffadillies set :
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweet violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face
Like Phœbe fayre ?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare ?
The redde rose medled with the white yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere :
Her modest eye,
Her majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there ?

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my goddesse shines ;
And after her the other muses trace
With their violines.

Bene they not bay braunches which they do
beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare ?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the instrument :
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce
even ?
Let that rowme to my lady be yeven.
She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

A Ditty

Bring hether the pinke and purple cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring coronations, and sops-in-wine
Worne of paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and lovèd lillies:
The pretty pawnce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre delice.

Now ryse up, Elisa, deckèd as thou art
In royall array;
And now ye daintie damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And if you come hether
When damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

PERIGOT AND CUDDY'S ROUNDELAY

It fell upon a holy-eve,
(Heigho, holy-day !)
When holy fathers wont to shrive
(Now ginneth this roundelay),
Sitting upon a hill so high,
(Heigho, the high hill !)
The while my flock did feed thereby,
And while the shepherd's self did spill;

I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
(Heigho, bonny-bell !)
Tripping over the dale alone,
She can trip it very well;
Well decked in a frock of gray,
(Heigho, gray is greet !)
And in a kirtle of green say,
The green is for maidens meet.

A chaplet on her head she wore,
(Heigho, the chaplet !)
Of sweet violets therein was store,
She's sweeter than the violet.
My sheep did leave their wonted food,
(Heigho, silly sheep !)
And gazed on her as they were wood,*
Wood as he that did them keep.

* Mad.

As the bonny lass passed by,
(Heigho, bonny lass!)
She roll'd at me with glancing eye,
As clear as the crystal glass,
All as the sunny beam so bright,
(Heigho, the sunbeam!)
Glanceth from Phœbus' face forth-right,
So love into my heart did stream.

Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
(Heigho, the thunder!)
Wherein the lightsome levin* shrouds,
So cleaves my soul asunder.
Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
(Heigho, the moonlight!)
Upon the glistering wave doth play;
Such play is a piteous plight.

The glance into my heart did glide,
(Heigho, the glider!)
Wherewith my soul was sharply gride,
Such wounds some waxen wider.
Hasten to wrench the arrow out,
(Heigho, Perigot!)
I left the head in my heart-root,
It was a desperate shot.

* Lightning.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
(Heigho, the arrow !)
Nor can I find salve for my sore,
Love is a cureless sorrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
(Heigho, heavy cheer !)
Yet should this lass not from my thought,
So you may buy gold too dear.

But whether in painful love I pine,
(Heigho, pinching pain !)
Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,
But if thou can her obtain.
And if for graceless grief I die,
(Heigho, graceless grief !)
Witness, she slew me with her eye,
Let thy folly be the prief.

And you that saw it, simple sheep,
(Heigho, the fair flock !)
For prief thereof my death shall weep,
And moan with many a mock.
So learn'd I love on a holy-eve,
(Heigho, holy-day !)
That ever since my heart did grieve :
Now endeth our roundelay.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
[1552–1618]

SILENT LOVE

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My true, though secret passion:
He smarteth most that hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

LAST LINES

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

ANTHONY MUNDAY
[1553–1633]

TO COLIN CLOUT

Beauty sat bathing by a spring,
  Where fairest shades did hide her;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing
  The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye,
  To see what was forbidden,
But better memory said, fie;
  So, vain desire was chidden.
  Hey nonny nonny.

Into a slumber then I fell,
  When fond Imagination
Seem'd to see but could not tell,
  Her feature or her fashion;
But even as babes in dreams do smile,
  And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while,
  As when I fell a-sleeping.
  Hey nonny nonny.

JOHN LYLY
[1553–1606]

FAIRIES' SONG

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him, black and
blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the queen of stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.

1 Fairy Pinch him blue—

2 Fairy And pinch him black—

3 Fairy Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and
red,
Till sleep has rocked his addlehead

4 Fairy For the trespass he hath done,
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run.
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heidegyes.

THE BIRDS

What bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
" Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song ! who is't now we hear ?
None but the lark so shrill and clear ;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note ;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring !

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin :
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
[1554–86]

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

I

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth,
Unto her rested sense, a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making;

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth,
For Thereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

O Philomela fair! O take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

II

Alas! she hath no other cause of anguish,
But Thereus' love, on her by strong hand wroken,

Wherein she suffering, all her spirits
languish,
Full woman-like, complains her will was
broken.

But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much
having.

O Philomela fair! O take of some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart
invadeth.

UNDER HER WINDOW

Who is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (Ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies chang'd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Tho' from me you be estrang'd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in absence this will die;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.
Absence sure will help, if I
Can learn, how myself to sunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will these thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the subject prove,
With time still affection groweth,
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
(Image-like, of faint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reason's purest light,
Bide you leave such minds to nourish.
Dear, do reason no such spite;
Never doth thy beauty florish
More, than in my reason's sight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it doth shake,
In a ground of so firm making;
Deeper still they drive the stake.

Peace! I think that some give ear;
Come no more, lest I get anger.
Bliss, I will my bliss forbear;
Fearing (sweet) you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus' eyes perceive you.
O unjust is fortune's sway!
Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from louts to run away.

SERENADE

Only joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care :
Let my whisp'ring voice obtain,
Sweet reward for sharpest pain :
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke :
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep :
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke, to loose or bind :
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo :
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

This small light the moon bestows,
Serves thy beams but to disclose ;
So to raise my hap more high ;
Fear not else, none can us spy :

Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:
Yet asleep methinks they say,
Young folks, take time, while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miss,
This large offer of our bliss:
Long stay, ere he grant the same.
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out, and curtains spread:
She thinks you do letters write:
Write, but let me first endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Sweet, alas! why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us:
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands:

Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate? But I forbear;
Cursed be my destin's all,
That brought me so high to fall:
Soon with my death I will please thee,
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

HER TREASURES

Those looks, whose beams be joy, whose motion
is delight;
That face, whose lecture shows what perfect
beauty is:
That presence, which doth give dark hearts
a living light:
That grace, which Venus weeps that she her
self doth miss:
That hand, which without touch holds more
than Atlas might;
Those lips, which makes death's pay a mean
price for a kiss:
That skin, whose pass-praise hue scorns this
poor term of white:
Those words which do sublime the quintes-
sence of bliss:

That voice, which makes the soul plant him-
self in the ears:
That conversation sweet, where such high
comforts be,
As construed, in true speech, the name of
heav'n it bears;

Makes me in my best thoughts, and quiet'st judgment, see
That in no more but these I might be fully blest:
Yet, ah! my maiden muse doth blush to tell the best.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE WHOLE OF SONG

Doubt you to whom my muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry state with pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heav'n forgot all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness reigneth?
Who womankind, at once, both decks and staineth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only by you Cupid his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetness
planteth ?
Who else for whom fame-worthy trumpets
wanteth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only to you her sceptre Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions
nourish ?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides
doth cherish ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is
due,
Only thro' you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke,
subdueth ?
Who long-dead beauty with increase reneweth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is
due,
Only at you all envy hopeless rueth.

Who hath the hair, which loosest, fasteth
tieth ?
Who makes a man live then, glad when he
dieth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is
due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voice, which soul from senses
sunders ?
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beauty
thunders ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is
due,
Only with you, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my muse these notes
intendeth,
Which now my breast, o'ercharged, to music
lendeth ?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

THOMAS LODGE
[1556(?)–1625]

ROSALINE

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within whose bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,

To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft to touch and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline !
Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

THE CRUEL SHEPHERDESS

My Phyllis hath the morning sun
At first to look upon her;
And Phyllis hath morn-waking birds
Her risings for to honour.
My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers
That smile when she treads on them,
And Phyllis hath a gallant flock
That leaps since she doth own them:
But Phyllis hath so hard a heart
(Alas that she should have it!)
As yields no mercy to desart,
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet sun, when thou look'st on,
Pray her regard my moan;
Sweet birds, when you sing to her,
To yield some pity, woo her;
Sweet flowers, whenas she treads on,
Tell her, her beauty deads one:
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her, before I die she will come see me.

PHŒBE

Phœbe sat,
Sweet she sat,
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye;
Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent;
Sighs and words could never draw her.
Oh my love,
Thou art lost,
Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phœbe sat
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her:
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice:
Touch and voice what may disdain you?
As she sang,
I did sigh,
And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh mine eyes!

You did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you.

Phœbe's flocks,
White as wool,
Yet were Phœbe's looks more whiter.
Phœbe's eyes,
Dovelike mild,
Dovelike eyes both mild and cruel;
Montan swears,
In your lamps
He will die for to delight her.
Phœbe yield,
Or I die:
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

THOMAS LODGE

PRAYER TO CUPID

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist, wanton, still ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,

I'll count your power not worth a pin,
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
Then let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE

THE DEFENCE

Love guards the roses of thy lips
And flies about them like a bee;
If I approach he forward skips,
And if I kiss he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
And sleeps within their pretty shine;
And if I look the boy will lower,
And from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
And in my tears doth firm the same;
And if I tempt it will retire,
And of my plaints doth make a game.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers;
And pity me, and calm her eye;
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers;
Then will I praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

LAURENCE ANDREWES, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

[1556–1626]

PHILLIS IN LOVE

Come, be my Valentine!
I'll gather eglantine,
Cowslips and sops-in-wine,
With fragrant roses.
Down by thy Phillis sit,
She will white lilies get,
And daffadilies fit
To make thee posies.

I have a milk white lamb,
New taken from the dam,
It comes where'er I am
When I call "Willy":
I have a wanton kid
Under my apron hid,
A colt that ne'er was rid,
A pretty filly.

I bear in sign of love
A sparrow in my glove,
And in my breast a dove,
This shall all be thine:
Besides of sheep a flock,
Which yieldeth many a lock,
And this shall be thy stock:
Come, be my Valentine!

GEORGE PEELE

[1558 (?)–97]

PARIS AND ŒNONE

Œnone Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Paris Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be;
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

Œn. My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse!

Ambo simul They that do change, etc.

Œn. Fair and fair, etc.

Par. Fair and fair, etc.
Thy love is fair, etc.

Œn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays,
Amen to Cupid's curse,
They that do change, etc.

Par. They that do change, etc.

Ambo Fair and fair, etc.

GEORGE PEELE

SUMMER

Whenas the rye reach to the chin,
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And schoolboys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And, lovers' sonnets turned to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are age his alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—

" Blessed be the hearts that wish my sovereign
well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any
wrong."
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your
knight.

ROBERT GREENE
[1560–1592]

VENUS TO ADONIS

Sweet Adon, darest not glance thine eye—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Love in heart, and tears in eyes;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Wherein fancy baits her hooks;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Among the western mounts of snow;
Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove,
Je vous en prie, pity me:
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires;
Je vous en prie, pity me:
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
I must die through Cupid's dart;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
That doth love sweet Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

FAIR SAMELA

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela;

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move
Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield fort gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela;

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela;

Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

THE MOTHER TO HER BABE

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby lept;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

SAMUEL DANIEL
[1562–1619]

THE MALADY OF LOVE

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries—
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made of it a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries—
Heigh ho!

SHADOWS

Are they shadows that we see ?
And can shadows pleasure give ?
Pleasures only shadows be,
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are expressed ;
Pleasures are not, if they last,—
In their passing is their best :
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace, then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold ;
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold :
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.

SIR EDWARD DYER
[(?)–1607]

THE KINGDOM

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
Which God or Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, no wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why ? my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall.
I see that such as are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear,
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway.
I wish no more than may suffice.
I do no more than well I may.
Look what I want my mind supplies.

Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
    Nor grudge not at another's gain.
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
    I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend.
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
    And conscience clear my chief defence.
I never seek by bribes to please,
    Nor be desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

HENRY CONSTABLE
[1562 (?)–1613]

DIAPHENIA

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
    Heigho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
    How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
    Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
    For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
    Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
    Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

MICHAEL DRAYTON
[1563–1631]

TO HIS COY LOVE

I pray thee, leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me!
I but in vain that saint adore
That can but will not save me.
These poor half-kisses kill me quite—
Was ever man thus servèd?
Amidst an ocean of delight
For pleasure to be starvèd?

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branchèd,
Where, whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanchèd;
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented:
'Tis nothing to be plagued in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me,
O these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me!
But see how patient I am grown
In all this coil about thee:
Come, nice thing, let my heart alone,
I cannot live without thee!

A ROUNDELAY BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS

1 Shep. Tell me, thou gentle shepherd swain,
Who's yonder in the vale is set ?
2 Shep. Oh, it is she, whose sweets do stain
The lily, rose, the violet !

1 Shep. Why doth the sun against his kind
Fix his bright chariot in the skies ?
2 Shep. Because the sun is stricken blind
With looking on her heavenly eyes.

1 Shep. Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chief delight ?
2 Shep. Because they need no other good
That live in presence of her sight.

1 Shep. Why look these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attired this goodly heath ?
2 Shep. She hath robbed Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

1 Shep. Why slide these brooks so slow away,
Whose bubbling murmur pleased thine ear ?

2 Shep. Oh, marvel not although they stay
When they her heavenly voice do hear!

1 Shep. From whence come all these shepherd swains,
And lovely nymphs attired in green?
2 Shep. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown our fair the shepherds' queen.

Both The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brooks will witness bear:
These nymphs and shepherds all do know,
That it is she is only fair.

JOHN WOOTTON

[(?–?)]

DAMÆTAS' JIG IN PRAISE OF HIS LOVE

Jolly shepherd, shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cheerily,
Fear not, shepherd, there to pipe thy fill,
Fill every dale, fill every plain:
Both sing and say, "Love feels no pain."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd on a green,
On a green so merrily,
On a green so cheerily,
Be thy voice shrill, be thy mirth seen,
Heard to each swain, seen to each trull:
Both sing and say, "Love's joy is full."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the sun,
In the sun so merrily,
In the sun so cheerily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rhymes run
Down to the dales from the hills above:
Both sing and say, "No life to love."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd in the shade,
In the shade so merrily,
In the shade so cheerily,
Joy in thy life, life of shepherd's trade,

Joy in thy love, love full of glee :
Both sing and say, " Sweet Love for me."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd here or there,
Here or there merrily,
Here or there cheerily,
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
In every jig, in every lay
Both sing and say, " Love lasts for aye."

Jolly shepherd, shepherd Daphnis' love,
Daphnis' love so merrily,
Daphnis' love so cheerily,
Let thy fancy never more remove,
Fancy be fix'd, fix'd not to fleet :
Still sing and say, " Love's yoke is sweet."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
[1564–1616]

WHO IS SILVIA ?

Who is Silvia ? What is she
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair.
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing.
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing.
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

ON A DAY

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

WHEN DAISIES PIED

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit;
To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit;
To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

FAIRIES' SONG

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Everyone lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it, trippingly.
First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessèd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

FANCY

Tell me where is fancy bred ?
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourishèd ?
Reply, rèply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

SIGH NO MORE

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, etc.

O MISTRESS MINE

O mistress, mine, where are you roaming ?
O, stay and hear ; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low :
Trip no further, pretty sweeting ;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty :
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

COME AWAY, DEATH

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

FESTE'S SONG

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

BENEFITS FORGOT

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, etc.

FORSWORN

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again ;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain.

DEAD AND GONE

How should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

WITCHES' SONG

1 *Witch* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
2 *Witch* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch* Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch* Round about the cauldron go:
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one,
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw, and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

EPITAPH

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

DRINKING SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned:
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round!

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

THE FOOTPATH WAY

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

PEDLAR'S SONG

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

APRIL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-didle-dow.

FULL FATHOM FIVE

Full fathom five thy father lies :
    Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
    Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding dong, bell.

ARIEL'S FAREWELL

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MARRIAGE SONG

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With harebells dim;
Oxslips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

ORPHEUS

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
    Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
    There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
    Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
    Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

ANONYMOUS

PHILLIS THE COLD

From *Add M.S.* 18936

Phillis, a herd-maid dainty,
Who hath no peer for beauty,
By Thyrsis was requested
To hear the wrongs wherewith his heart was wrested;
But she Diana served
And would not hear how Love poor lovers sterved.

Phillis, more white than lilies,
More fair than Amaryllis,
More cold than crystal fountain,
More hard than craggy rock or stony mountain,
O tiger fierce and spiteful,
Why hate'st thou Love sith Love is so delightful?

ANONYMOUS

CARPE DIEM

From *Christ Church M.S.* 1.5.49.

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe
And sing hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

ANONYMOUS

LULLABY

From William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs of Sadnes and Pietie*, 1588

Lulla la, lullaby!
My sweet little Baby
What meanest thou to cry?
Be still, my blessed Babe, though cause thou hast to mourn,
Whose blood most innocent to shed the cruel king hath sworn.
And lo, alas, behold, what slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy sake.
A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill.
O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will!

Lulla la, lullaby!
My sweet little Baby
What meanest thou to cry?
Three kings this King of kings to see are come from far,
To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star.

And shepherds heard the song which Angels
bright did sing,
Giving all glory unto God for coming of this
King,
Which must be made away, king Herod would
him kill.
O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches
have their will!

Lulla la, lullaby!
My sweet little Baby
What meanest thou to cry?

Lo, lo, my little Babe, be still, lament no more;
From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we
still in store.
We heavenly warning have some other soil to
seek,
From death must fly the Lord of life, as Lamb
both mild and meek.
Thus must my Babe obey the king that would
him kill.
O woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches
have their will!

Lulla la, lullaby!
My sweet little Baby
What meanest thou to cry?

But thou shalt live and reign as Sibyls have
foresaid,

As all the Prophets prophesy, whose Mother
yet a Maid
And perfect Virgin pure, with her breasts
shall upbreed
Both God and man, that all hath made, the
Son of heavenly seed,
Whom caitiffs none can 'tray, whom tyrants
none can kill.
O joy, and joyful happy day, when wretches
want their will!

ANONYMOUS

THE FORSAKEN SHEPHERD

From William Byrd's *Songs of Sundry Natures*, 1589

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak-tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he:
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobbed and sighed
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endured your love for me,
And it was lost in other three.
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see,
To whom your heart was soon enchained;

ANONYMOUS

Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained :
Soon came a third your love to win ;
And we were out, and he was in.
Adieu, Love ! adieu, Love ! untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love ! adieu, Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure, you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best beloved :
For all my love was passed and done
Two days, before it was begun.
Adieu, Love ! adieu, Love ! untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love ! adieu, Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

ANONYMOUS

From Thomas Morley's *Canzonets or Little Short Songs to Three Voices*, 1593

Arise, get up, my dear, make haste, begone thee!
Lo where the bride, fair Daphne, tarries on thee!
Hark! yon merry wanton maidens squealing:
Spice-cake, sops-in-wine, are now a-dealing!
Then run apace,
Get a bride-lace,
And a gilt rosemary branch while yet there is catching,
And then hold fast for fear of old snatching.
Alas, my love, why weep she?
O fear not that the next day keep we.
Hark yon minstrels! List, how fine they firk it!
And see how the maids jerk it!
With Kate and Will,
Tom and Jill.
Now a trip,
Then a skip,
Finely set aloft,
There again as oft.
Hey ho, fine brave holiday!
All for fair Daphne's wedding day!

ANONYMOUS

CARE, BEGONE

From Thomas Morley's *First Book of Ballets*, 1595

Sing we and chant it
While love doth grant it.
Not long youth lasteth,
And old age hasteth.
Now is best leisure
To take our pleasure.

All things invite us
Now to delight us.
Hence, care, be packing!
No mirth be lacking!
Let spare no treasure
To live in pleasure.

ANONYMOUS

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs*, 1597

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again ;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;
Wise, if too weak, moe wits I'll never prove.
Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink not ; be not weak ;
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break !

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move ;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born ;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove.
Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transformed shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

ANONYMOUS

COME AGAIN !

From John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs*, 1597

Come again !
Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee in sweetest sympathy.

Come again !
That I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and misery.

All the day
The sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay ;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow ;
Her frowns the winter of my woe.

All the night
My sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out alas!
My faith is ever true;
Yet she will never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

ANONYMOUS

TIME FLIES

From John Wilbye's *Madrigals*, 1598

Thou art but young, thou say'st,
And love's delight thou weigh'st not;
O, take time while thou may'st,
Lest when thou would'st thou may'st not.

If love shall then assail thee,
A double anguish shall torment thee;
And thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee),
"O me! that I were young again!"
and so repent thee.

THE DOLEFUL SHEPHERD

From *England's Helicon*, 1600

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
My rams speed not, all is amiss :
Love is denying, Faith is defying ;
Heart's renying, causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross wrought all my loss ;
O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame !
For now I see inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall ;
Heart is bleeding, all help needing,
O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell.
My curtail dog that wont to have played,
Plays not at all but seems afraid ;
With sighs so deep, procures to weep,
In howling-wise to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound, through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meeting on the plains,
All our evening sports from us are fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell sweet Love, thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

A DIALOGUE

From *England's Helicon*, 1600

Phyllida Corydon, arise my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.

Corydon Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?

Phyl. Phyllida thy true love calleth thee;
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!

Cor. Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.

Phyl. Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.

Cor. Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.

Phyl. Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee
A pair of stockings white as silk.

Cor. Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee
A bonnet to withstand the heat.

Phyl. I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap.
Cor. I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
Phyl. I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
Cor. I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

Phyl. When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—
Cor. When my lovely one goes to her wheel
Singing cheerily—
Phyl. Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.

Cor. And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.
Phyl. Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain—
Cor. Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain—
Phyl. Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.
Cor. The Queen of Love had been excused
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.

Phyl. Yonder comes my mother, Corydon!
Whither shall I fly?
Cor. Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
Phyl. Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.

Cor. Doubt me not, my true love, do
not fear;
Farewell then, farewell then!
Heaven keep our loves alway!

ANONYMOUS

WONDERS

From Thomas Weelkes' *Madrigals of Six Parts*, 1600

Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not higher:
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and china dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo* burns
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

* In Tierra del Fuego.

ANONYMOUS

THE RIDDLE

From Thomas Morley's *First Book of Airs*, 1600

Thyrsis and Milla, arm in arm together,
In merry may-time to the green garden walked,
Where all the way they wanton riddles talked ;
The youthful boy, kissing her cheeks so rosy,
Beseech'd her there to gather him a posy.
She straight her light green silken coats uptucked,
And May for Mill and thyme for Thyrsis plucked ;
Which when she brought, he clasped her by the middle
And kiss'd her sweet, but could not read her riddle.
" Ah, fool ! " with that the nymph set up a laughter,
And blush'd, and ran away, and he ran after.

ANONYMOUS

HIS LADY WEEPING

From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs*, 1600

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe.
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion wise; Tears a delightful thing;
Silence beyond all speech, a wisdom rare;
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough: your joyful look excels:
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

ANONYMOUS

THE SAD SHEPHERD

From John Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Airs*, 1600

A shepherd in a shade his plaining made
Of love and lover's wrong
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus began his song:
"Since Love and Fortune will, I honour still
Your fair and lovely eye:
What conquest will it be, sweet Nymph, for thee
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing
'Fie, fie, on love! it is a foolish thing.'

"My heart where have you laid? O cruel maid,
To kill where you might save?
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave?

O let it be entombed and lie
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling stream
'Fie, fie, on love! that is a foolish thing.'
Restore, restore my heart again
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that, enforced by your disdain, I sing
'Fie, fie, on love! it is a foolish thing.'"

ANONYMOUS

FAREWELL

From Robert Jones' *First Book of Songs and Airs*, 1601

Farewell, dear love! since thou wilt needs be gone:
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.
—Nay I will never die,
So long as I can spy;
There be many mo
Though that she do go.
There be many mo, I fear not;
Why, then, let her go, I care not.—

Farewell, farewell! since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you.
—But I will seek elsewhere
If I may find her there.
Shall I bid her go?
What and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
O no, no, no, no, I dare not.—

Ten thousand times farewell! yet stay awhile.
Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time beguile.
—I have no power to move:
How now, am I in love!—

Wilt thou needs be gone ?
Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone ? O hie thee !
Nay ; stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more farewell ! I see *Loth to depart.*
Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart :
But seeing I must lose
Thy love which I did choose,
Go thy ways for me,
Since it may not be :
Go thy ways for me, but whither
Go—oh but where I may come thither.

What shall I do ? my love is now departed,
She is as fair as she is cruel hearted :
She would not be entreated
With prayers oft repeated.
If she come no more,
Shall I die therefore ?
If she come no more, what care I ?
—Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry !

ANONYMOUS

ADIEU TO LOVE

From Robert Jones' *First Book of Songs and Airs*, 1601

Once did I love and yet I live,
Though love and truth be now forgotten;
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must now be broken

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
Mine be the grief though it be mickle;
She shall have shame, I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list, I am content
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved her,
She may bring him to Weeping-Cross:
I say no more, because I loved her.

ANONYMOUS

SADNESS IN SPRING

From Richard Carlton's *Madrigals*, 1601

When Flora fair the pleasant tidings bringeth
Of summer sweet with herbs and flowers adorned,
The nightingale upon the hawthorn singest
And Boreas' blasts the birds and beasts have scorned;
When fresh Aurora with her colours painted,
Mingled with spears of gold, the sun appearing,
Delights the hearts that are with love acquainted,
And maying maids have then their time of cheering;
All creatures then with summer are delighted,
The beasts, the birds, the fish with scale of silver;
Then stately dames by lovers are invited
To walk in meads or row upon the river.
I all alone am from these joys exiled:
No summer grows where love yet never smiled.

ANONYMOUS

HER GARMENTS

From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

SLEEPING

From John Dowland's *Third and Last Book of Songs or Airs*, 1603

Weep you no more sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes,
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at ev'n he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

ARISE!

From Thomas Bateson's *First Set of Madrigals*, 1604

Sister, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-maying!

LOVE THE CONQUEROR

From Captain Tobias Hume's *The First Part of Airs, French, Polish, and others together*, 1605

Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charm'd me
Long long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

DECEITFUL FANCY

From John Cooper's *Funeral Tears*, 1606

Deceitful Fancy, why delud'st thou me,
The dead alive presenting ?
My joy's fair image carved in shades I see.
O false, yet sweet contenting !
Why art thou not a substance like to me,
Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee ?

Stay, gentle object, my sense still deceive
With this thy kind illusion.
I die through madness if my thoughts you leave.
O strange yet sweet confusion !
Poor blissless heart, that feels such deep annoy
Only to lose the shadow of thy joy !

THE APPEAL

From John Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice*, 1606

[By Samuel Daniel ?]

Why canst thou not, as others do,
    Look on me with unwounding eyes ?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so ;
    Smile, but not in killing wise ;
Arm not thy graces to confound ;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
    Than they can see in all the rest ?
For I can others' beauties view,
    And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.

ANONYMOUS

UNCHANGING

From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607

There is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change:
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

THE HEART ENCHAINED

From Thomas Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607

Since first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye;
If now I be disdained I wish my heart had never known ye.
What? I that loved and you that liked shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you may forgive me,
Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, then justly might you leave me.
I asked you leave, you bade me love; is't now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er betide me.

The sun whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder:
Where beauty moves, and wit delights and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave my heart behind me.

SMOKING SONG

From Thomas Weelkes' *Airs or Fantastic Spirits*, 1608

Come, sirrah Jack, ho!
Fill some tobacco.
Bring a wire
And some fire!
Haste away,
Quick I say!
Do not stay!
Shun delay!
For I drank none good to-day.

I swear that this tobacco
It's perfect Trinidado.
By the Mass
Never was
Better gear
Than is here.
By the rood
For the blood
It is very very good.

Fill the pipe once more,
My brains dance trenchmore.

It is heady,
I am giddy.
Head and brains,
Back and reins,
Joints and veins
From all pains
It doth well purge and make clean.

For those that do condemn it,
Or such as not commend it,
Never were so wise to learn
Good tobacco to discern:
Let them go
Pluck a crow,
And not know
As I do,
The sweet of Trinidado.

ANONYMOUS

THE REASON

From John Wilbye's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609

Love not me for comely grace,
Nor my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
So thou and I shall sever.
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

THE STOLEN MEETING

From Robert Jones' *A Musical Dream*, 1609

And is it night? Are they thine eyes that shine?
Are we alone and here? and here alone
May I come near? May I but touch thy shrine?
Is jealousy asleep, or is he gone?
O gods, no more silence my lips with thine,
Lips, kisses, joys, hap, blessings most divine.

O come, my dear! our griefs are turned to night,
And night to joys; night blinds pale Envy's eyes;
Silence and sleep prepare us our delight;
O cease we then our woes, our griefs, our cries:
O vanish words! words do but passions move;
O dearest life! joy's sweet! O sweetest love!

ANONYMOUS

UNCERTAIN STILL

From Robert Jones' *The Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610

How many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new!
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you!
And yet, alas! she doth not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,
And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed was!
And yet you'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale lean face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
Whom neither sighs nor tears can move!
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no?

And wanting oft a better token,
I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
Nor can you heal't by any art:
O look upon't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.

ANONYMOUS

LOVE'S MARTYR

From Robert Jones' *The Muses' Garden of Delight*, 1610

The sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall!
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief:
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

THE ESCAPE FROM LOVE

From Robert Jones' *The Muses' Garden of Delights*, 1610

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow
As passion did them move.
Once did I hope, straight fear again,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And told how many minutes move,
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true love's knots
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once I was not mine own at all,
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve,
Once were my clothes made out of wax,
And then I was in love

ANONYMOUS

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in number moved,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then in truth I loved.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,
And then I was in love.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

From Thomas Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, 1611

It was the frog in the well,
Humbledum, humbledum,
And the merry mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle, twino.

The frog would a-wooing ride
Sword and buckler by his side.

When he upon his high horse set,
His boots they shone as black as jet.

When he came to the merry mill-pin,
"Lady Mouse, been you within?"

Then came out the dusty mouse:
"I am lady of this house:

Hast thou any mind of me?"
"I have e'en great mind of thee."

"Who shall this marriage make?"
"Our Lord which is the rat."

"What shall we have to our supper?"
"Three beans in a pound of butter."

When supper they were at,
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat;

Then came in Gib our cat,
And catched the mouse e'en by the back.

Then did they separate,
And the frog leapt on the floor so flat.

Then came in Dick our drake,
And drew the frog e'en to the lake.

The rat run up the wall,
Humbledum, humbledum;
A goodly company, the Devil go with all!
Tweedle tweedle twino.

SWAN SONG

From Orlando's *First Set of Madrigals*, 1612

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
Farewell, all joys; O death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

ANONYMOUS

From Thomas Ravenscroft's *A Brief Discourse*, 1614

FOR HUNTING

I

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

The birds they sing;
The deer they fling;
Hey nonny, nonny no!
The hounds they cry;
The hunters they fly.
Hey trolilo, trololilo!

The wood resounds
To hear the hounds,
Hey nonny, nonny no!
The rocks report
This merry sport,
Hey trolilo, trololilo!

Then hie apace
Unto the chace.
Hey nonny, nonny no!
Whilst everything
Doth sweetly sing
Hey trolilo, trololilo!

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

II

THE HUNTING OF THE HARE

Hey, trola, trola!
There boys, there!
Hoicka, hoick, whoop!
Cry there they go.
They are at fault.
Boy, wind the horn!
Sing tive tive tive now in full cry
With yeeble yabble, gibble gabble, hey!
The hounds do knock it lustily
With open mouth and lusty cry.

III

FOR HAWKING

Awake, awake,
The day doth break.
Our spaniels couple them,
Our hawks shall fly
Low, mean or high,
And truss it if they can.
Hey troly loly lo!
And truss it if they can.

Then rise, arise,
For Phœbus dyes
In gold the dawn of day,
And coveys lie
In fields hard by.
Then sing we care away:
Hey troly loly lo!
Then sing we care away!

ON HER HAIR

From Thomas Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1618

Her hair the net of golden wire,
Wherein my heart, led by my wandering eyes,
So fast entangled is that in no wise
It can, nor will, again retire;
But rather will in that sweet bondage die
Than break one hair to gain her liberty.

ANONYMOUS

THE REJOINDER

From Thomas Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals*, 1618

My mistress after service due
Demanded if indeed my love were true.
I said it was; then she replied,
That I must hate
Whom she defied,
And so myself above the rest,
Whom she (she swore) did most of all detest
In sooth, said I, you see I hate myself,
Who sets my love on such a peevish elf.

THE SUFFOLK OWL

From Thomas Vautor's *Songs of Divers Airs and Natures*, 1619

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo!

Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo!

ANONYMOUS

THE PARTING

From John Attye's *First Book of Airs*, 1622

On a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, "Sweet, how do you?
Kiss me this once, and then God be wi' you
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then God be wi' you,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Opening her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, "Now kiss me and be going,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near."

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And, spying where the day was peeping,
He said, "Now take my soul in keeping,
My sweetest dear!
Kiss me, and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near."

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME

O what a plague is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way
And would not spy me:
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Will had her to the wine—
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance:
O thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me!
I am my mother's joy:
Sweet, entertain me!
She'll give me when she dies,
All that is fitting:
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet for all these guedes,
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity:
But i' faith if she flinch
She shall not wear it;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part:
Death strike me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream

Pleasant in tasting;
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And bramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries:
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May
I made her posies;
I heard her often say
That she loved roses.
Cowslips and gillyflowers
And the white lily
I brought to deck the bowers
For my sweet Philly.
But she did all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me:
I can have those as fair
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy maid
Laugh'd at me lately,

And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanting signs are those?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work or sleep
At all in season:
Love wounds my heart so deep
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may,
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead I fear,
Within this thousand year:
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

THE DANCE ROUND THE MAYPOLE

Come, Lasses and Lads!
Take leave of your dads;
And away to the Maypole, hey!
For every he
Has got him a she;
With a minstrel standing by.
For Willy has gotten his Jill, and Johnny has got his Joan
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down!

"Strike up!" says Wat.
"Agreed!" says Kate;
"And I prithee fiddler play!"
"Content!" says Hodge;
And so says Madge,
"For this is a holiday!"
Then every man did put off his hat to his lass;
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.

"Begin!" says Hal.
"Aye! Aye!" says Mall,
"We'll lead up *Packington's Pound*!"

"No! No!" says Noll,
And so says Doll,
"We'll first have *Sellenger's Round*!"
Then ev'ry man began to foot it round about;
And ev'ry girl did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out.

"Y'are out!" says Dick.
"'Tis a lie!" says Nick,
"The fiddler played it false!"
"'Tis true!" says Hugh,
And so says Sue
And so says nimble Alice.
The fiddler then began to play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

"Let's kiss!" says Jane.
"Content!" says Nan;
And so says every she.
"How many?" says Batt.
"Why three!" says Matt.
"For that is a maiden's fee!"
But they, instead of three, did give them half a score;
And they, in kindness, gave them, gave them, gave them as many more.

Then after an hour
They went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes;
And kisses too!
Until they were due,
The Lasses kept the stakes.
The girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back; and give them their own again.

Yet there they sate
Until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite,
With singing and playing
Without any paying,
From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then, they'd pay him for his play;
And each a two pence, two pence, two pence gave him; and went away.

ANONYMOUS

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

When there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
When there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
When the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward for his flight:
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day—
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined:
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart! to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
He will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the east;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

If the earth it should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore;
Should his love become a swallow
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent;

ANONYMOUS

There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way!

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT

Phillis was a fair maid,
And she had suitors store;
Though I a maid as Phillis was,
Yet I have ne'er the more.
A silly lass
May sigh, alas!
Whose cause doth still abound,
I daily weep,
And keep my sheep
That feed upon the down.

ANONYMOUS

WHAT'S LOVE ?

Melibœus Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell ?

Faustus It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell,
And this is love as I heard tell.

M. Yet, what is love, I prithee say ?

F. It is work on holiday ;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty blood's in fresh array,
Here ten months after of the play,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. Yet, what is love, good shepherd sain ?

F. It is a sunshine mixt with rain ;
It is a toothache, or like pain ;
It is a game where none doth gain ;
The lass saith no, and would full fain,
And this is love as I hear sain.

M. Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray ?

F. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away ;
Then nymphs take vantage while you may,
And this is love as I hear say.

M. And what is love, good shepherd, shew ?

F. A thing that creeps, it cannot go ;
A prize that passeth to and fro :
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so ;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

ANONYMOUS

MY SWEET SWEETING

Ah my sweet sweeting,
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will love wherever I go.

She is so proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure,
There is none such, ye may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my eye,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there is none so sweet
As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I
And love my little piggèsnie,
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet sweeting.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
[1564–1593]

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Or woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

RICHARD ROWLANDS
[1565–1630]

LULLABY

Upon my lap my sovereign sits
And sucks upon my breast;
Meantime his love maintains my life
And gives my sense her rest.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me;
So may thy mother and thy nurse
Thy cradle also be.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

I grieve that duty doth not work
All that my wishing would;
Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy!

Yet as I am; and as I may,
I must and will be thine,

Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine.
Sing lullaby, my little boy,
Sing lullaby, mine only joy

THOMAS NASHE

[1567–1601]

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in
a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all
day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our
feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring!

THOMAS NASHE

FAREWELL TO LIFE

Adieu; farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave:
Worms feed on Hector brave.

Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come the hells do cry;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness.
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

THOMAS CAMPION
[1567 (?)-1619]

THE LOVER'S PLEA

Your fair looks urge my desire:
Calm it, sweet, with love!
Stay; O why will you retire?
Can you churlish prove?
If love may persuade,
Love's pleasures, dear, deny not:
Here is a grove secured with shade:
O then be wise, and fly not.

Hark, the birds delighted sing,
Yet our pleasure sleeps:
Wealth to none can profit bring,
Which the miser keeps.
O come, while we may,
Let's chain love with embraces;
We have not all times time to stay,
Nor safety in all places.

What ill find you now in this,
Or who can complain?
There is nothing done amiss
That breeds no man pain.
'Tis now flowery May;
But even in cold December,
When all these leaves are blown away,
This place shall I remember.

INTEGER VITÆ

The man of life upright,
  Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
  Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
  Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
  From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
  That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
  His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
  His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
  And quiet pilgrimage.

CORINNA SINGING

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challenged echo clear;
But when she doth of mourning speak,
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,
Led by her passions, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

THE SHADOW

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth!
Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth!
That so have scorched thee
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams the black to brightness turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

THE HEARTLESS

When thou must home to shades of under-
ground,
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell
can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
When thou hast told these honours done to
thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

THE SCORNFUL ONE

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight.

THE SNARE

Beauty is but a painted hell:
Ay me, ay me!
She wounds them that admire it,
She kills them that desire it.
Give her pride but fuel,
No fire is more cruel.

Pity from every heart is fled:
Ay me, ay me!
Since false desire could borrow
Tears of dissembled sorrow,
Constant vows turn truthless,
Love cruel, Beauty ruthless.

Sorrow can laugh and Fury sing:
Ay me, ay me!
My raving griefs discover
I lived too true a lover.
The first step to madness
Is excess of sadness.

CHERRY RIPE

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow;
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

FIRST LOVE

Silly boy! 'tis full moon yet, thy night as
day shines clearly;
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou could'st
not love so dearly.
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures
are bereaved,
Little knows he how to love that never was
deceived.

This is thy first maiden-flame that triumphs
yet unstained,
All is artless now you speak, not one word
yet is feigned;
All is heaven that you behold, and all your
thoughts are blessed,
But no spring can want his fall, each Troilus
hath his Cressid.

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely
hang neglected,
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief on
earth dejected;
Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that
made thy heart so holy
And with sighs confess, in love that too much
faith is folly.

Yet be just and constant still, Love may beget
a wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost or winter's fatal
thunder:
He that holds his sweetheart true unto his
day of dying,
Lives, of all that ever breathed, most worthy
the envying.

WOMEN

What is it all that men possess, among themselves conversing ?
Wealth or fame or some such boast, scarce worth rehearsing.
Women only are men's good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest ; if sick, their hand attends us ;
When with grief our hearts are pressed, their comfort best befriends us ;
Sweet or sour, they willing go to share what fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with pain they bear, our name and form presenting !
What we get how wise they keep, by sparing wants preventing !
Sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting !

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressed :
Good Wife is the good I praise, if by good men possessed ;
Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good live blessed.

THOMAS CAMPION

AN INVOCATION

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's knot,
And murmur soft "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies! dance with me a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise:
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

A WARNING TO MAIDS

"Maids are simple," some men say,
"They forsooth will trust no men."
But should they men's wills obey,
Maids were very simple then.

Truth a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts;
Lovers are more easily known
By their follies than deserts.

Safer may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew,
Than a young man's vows believe
When he swears his love is true.

Love they make a poor blind child,
But let none trust such as he;
Rather than to be beguiled,
Ever let me simple be.

WINTER SONG

Now the winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine;
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love,
While youthful revels, masques and courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse.
All do not all things well;
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read.
The summer hath his joys
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights.

THE ENSLAVED

Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day,
Breaks time, as dancers,
From their own music when they stray.
All her free favours and smooth words
Wing my hopes in vain.
O, did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom
When we submit to women so :
Why do we need 'em
When, in their best, they work our woe ?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends by Fate prefixt.
O, why is the good of man with evil mixt ?
Never were days yet called two
But one night went betwixt.

JACK AND JOAN

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell as large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is Content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jacks knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss:
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun grey
And revel in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

REPROACH IN SPRING

The peaceful western wind
    The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
    The kind heat hath inflamed:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
    Out of their earthy bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp beneath,
    Would fain be decked with flowers.

See how the morning smiles
    On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
    Them that lie slumbering still!
The music loving birds are come
    From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom
    That late were overblown.

What Saturn did destroy,
    Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
    Doth in the fields remain,
Where he such pleasing change doth view
    In every living thing,
As if the world were born anew
    To gratify the spring.

If all things life present,
    Why die my comforts then ?
Why suffers my content ?
    Am I the worst of men ?
O, Beauty, be not thou accused
    Too justly in this case !
Unkindly if true love be used,
    'Twill yield thee little grace.

THE ADVICE

Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man:
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see;
And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more:
Beauty must be scorned in one,
Though but truly served in one:
For what is courtship, but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire:
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk.
If these, and such like you can bear,
The like, and love, and never fear!

PROTEAN BEAUTY

Give beauty all her right,
She's not to one form tied;
Each shape yields fair delight,
Where her perfections bide.
Helen, I grant, might pleasing be;
And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends;
Some swelling lips and red;
Pale looks have many friends,
Through sacred sweetness bred.
Meadows have flowers that pleasure move,
Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmovèd clime:
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My Sovereign is as sweet and fair.

AT THE LAST

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent
to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber
more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out
of my troubled breast.
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my
soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high
Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour
dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines; whose beams
the Blessed only see.
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my
sprite to Thee!

Lift up to heaven, sad wretch, thy heavy sprite!
What though thy sins, thy due destruction
threat?
The Lord exceeds in mercy as in might;
His ruth is greater, though thy crimes be great.
Repentance needs not fear the heaven's just
rod,
It stays even thunder in the hand of God.

With cheerful voice to Him then cry for grace,
Thy Faith and fainting Hope with Prayer revive;
Remorse for all that truly mourn hath place;
Not God, but man of Him themselves deprive:
Strive, then, and He will help; call Him He'll hear:
The son needs not the father's fury fear.

PROSERPINA

Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you awake and pity them that weep
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramours' harms.

In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
This night by moonshine leading merry rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill;
No plaints or groans may move
Their holy vigil.

All you that will hold watch with love,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
  Roses red, lilies white,
    And the clear damask hue,
  Shall on your cheeks alight:
    Love will adorn you.

All you that love or loved before,
  The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more:
  They that have not yet fed
    On delight amorous,
  She vows that they shall lead
    Apes in Avernus.

KIND AMARYLLIS

I care not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed;
Give me kind Amaryllis,
The wanton country maid.
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beauty is her own.
Her when we court and kiss,
She cries, "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

If I love Amaryllis,
She gives me fruit and flowers:
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers.
Give them gold, that sell love,
Give me the nut-brown lass,
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought;

Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amaryllis,
With milk and honey fed;
Who, when we court and kiss,
She cries "Forsooth, let go!"
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say "No!"

LAURA

Rose-cheeked Laura, come ;
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
    Sweetly gracing.
Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed ;
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
    Birth is heavenly.
These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
    Knows no discord,
But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
    selves eternal.

SIR HENRY WOTTON
[1568–1639]

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.

THOMAS MIDDLETON
[1570–1627]

GIPSY SONG

Gipsy Captain Come, my dainty doxies,
My dells, my dells most dear;
We have neither house nor land,
Yet never want good cheer.
Chorus We never want good cheer.
Gipsy Captain We take no care for candle rents.
2 *Gipsy* We lie. 3 *Gipsy* We snort.
Gipsy Captain We sport in tents,
Then rouse betimes and steal our dinners.
Our store is never taken
Without pigs, hens, or bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners:
At wakes and fairs we cozen
Poor country folks by dozen;
If one have money, he disburses;
Whilst some tell fortunes, some puck purses;
Rather than be out of use,
We'll steal garters, hose or shoes,

Boots, or spurs with gingling rowels,
Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.
Come live with us, come live with us,
All you that love your eases;
He that's a gipsy
May be drunk or tipsy
At any hour he pleases.

Chorus We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle,
We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle.

MONOPOLY

Love for such a cherry lip
  Would be glad to pawn his arrows;
Venus here to take a sip
  Would sell her doves and teams of sparrows.
    But they shall not so;
      Hey nonny, nonny no!
    None but I this lip must owe,
      Hey nonny, nonny no!

Did Jove see this wanton eye,
  Ganymede must wait no longer;
Phœbe here one night did lie,
  Would change her face and look much
      younger.
    But they shall not so;
      Hey nonny, nonny no!
    None but I this lip must owe;
      Hey nonny, nonny no!

SIR ROBERT AYTON
[1570-1638]

TO HIS FORSAKEN MISTRESS

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could move, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth everything it meets:
And since thou can'st with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briers, how sweet she smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells!
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide
When thou hast handled been awhile,
With sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

SIMON WASTELL
[(?) –1632]

OF MAN'S MORTALITY

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies;
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearl'd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;
The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan's near death,—man's life is done.

BEN JONSON
[1573–1637]

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn, and even, shades are longest;
At noon, they are short or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

TO CELIA

Drink to me, only, with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear.
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON

TO CELIA

Come my Celia, let us prove,
While we may the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set, may rise again:
But, if once we lose this light,
'Tis, with us, perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame, and rumor are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier cares beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

THE PRAISE OF HIS LADY

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would glide.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier,
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she !

SIMPLICITY

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

SLOW, SLOW, FRESH FOUNT

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my
salt tears;
Yet slower, yet; O faintly gentle springs;
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

JOHN DONNE
[1573–1631]

IMPOSSIBILITY

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
      And find
      What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
  Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
  Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
      And swear
      No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
  Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not; I would not go
  Though at next door we might meet.

Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD
[1574–1627]

PHILOMEL

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
With a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolfull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce could I from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead;

All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

THOMAS DEKKER
[1575–1641]

THE SONG OF THE CYCLOPS

Brave iron, brave hammer, from your sound
The art of music has her ground;
On the anvil thou keep'st time,
Thy knick-a-knock is a smith's best chime.
Yet thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack,
Then our brawny sinews crack:
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

We shoe the horses of the sun,
Harness the dragons of the moon;
Forge Cupid's quiver, bow and arrows,
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrows.
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Jove's roaring cannons and his rammers
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;
Mars his gauntlet, helm and spear,
And Gorgon shield are all made here.
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

The grate which, shut, the day outbars,
Those golden studs which nail the stars,

The globe's case and the axle tree,
Who can hammer these but we ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

A warming-pan to heat earth's bed,
Lying i' th' frozen zone half-dead ;
Hob-nails to serve the man i' th' moon,
And sparrowbills to clout Pan's shoon,
Whose work but ours ?
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Venus' kettles, pots and pans
We make, or else she brawls and bans ;
Tongs, shovels, and irons have their places
Else she scratches all our faces,
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

BEAUTY, ARISE

Beauty arise, show forth thy glorious shining;
Thine eyes feed love, for them he standeth pining;
Honour and youth attend to do their duty
To thee, their only sovereign beauty.
Beauty, arise, whilst we, thy servants, sing
Io to Hymen, wedlock's jocund king.
Io to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Beauty, arise, thy glorious lights display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day.
Io, Io, to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O, sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
O punishment !
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?
O sweet content ! O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?
O, sweet content !
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
O punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O sweet content ! O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, etc.

DRINKING SONG

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down!
Ho! well done, to me let come,
Ring compass, gentle joy!

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here kind, etc. (*as often as there be men to drink*).

At last, when all have drunk, this verse.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

SWEET PEG

O, the month of May, the merry month of May
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest quire,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale:
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green;
And then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

THOMAS HEYWOOD
[157 (?)–1650]

MATIN SONG

Pack, clouds, away! and welcome day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

THE BIRDS TO PHILLIS

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown;
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder.
Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

JAMES SHIRLEY
[1576–1666]

DEATH

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
  See where the victor-victim bleeds:

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JOHN FLETCHER
[1579–1625]

ASPATIA'S SONG

Lay a garland on my herse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

WINE

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it:
It helps the headache, cough, and tisic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.

LAUGHING SONG

Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ho, ho, ho, ho!
Set a sharp jest
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do tickle!
As nightingales,
And things in cambric-rails,
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Laugh! Laugh! Laugh! Laugh!
Wide! Loud! And vary!
A smile is for a simpering novice,
One that ne'er tasted caviare,
Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
A giggling waiting wench for me,
That shows her teeth how white they be!
A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Ha, ha, ha!
Ho, ho, ho!
Democritus, thou ancient fleerer.
How I miss thy laugh, and ha' since!

There you named the famous't jeerer,
That ever jeered in Rome or Athens.
Ha, ha, ha!
Ho, ho, ho!
How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Although the rate be deeper!
But he that is his own fool, sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break
Thou art so witty.
'Tis rare to break at court,
For that belongs to the city.
Ha, ha! my spleen is almost worn
To the last laughter.
Oh, keep a corner for a friend;
A jest may come hereafter.

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy

JOHN FLETCHER

THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL

Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground;
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah!
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah!
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

TO BACCHUS

God Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

THE WARNING

Hear, ye ladies that despise,
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun;
Leda, sailing on the stream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danæ, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy:
The chaste moon he makes to woo;
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a short hour, higher
He can build, and once more fire.

SATYR'S SONG

Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
But, behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest Fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the Gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live; therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, Goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:

Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, oh fairest Fair, to take them!
For these black eyed Driope
Hath often times commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
Those are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great god Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT [1586–1616]

AND

JOHN FLETCHER [1579–1625]

THE MAY-KING'S COMMANDS

London, to thee I do present
The merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content
To hear me what I say:
For from the top of conduit-head,
As plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you,
And wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent,
Though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the flock
Of gracious grocery;
And by the common counsel of
My fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff and crossed scarf,
The May-lord here I stand.
Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice!
Rejoice, oh, lovers dear!
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country,
Rejoice eke every shire!
For now the fragrant flowers do spring
And sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing,
The lambs do make fine sport;

And now the birchen-tree doth bud,
That makes the schoolboy cry;
The morris rings, while hobby horse
Doth foot it feateously;
The lords and ladies now abroad,
For their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass,
And sometimes in the hay.
Now butter with a leaf of sage
Is good to purge the blood;
Fly Venus and phlebotomy,
For they are neither good!
Now little fish on tender stone
Begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mewed,
Do creep out of their shellies;
The rumbling rivers now do warm,
For little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass,
And up they hang his saddle;
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck,
The rascal and the pricket,
Are now among the yeoman's pease,
And leave the fearful thicket;
And be like them, oh, you, I say,
Of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads,
And slipping off your gown,

With bells on legs, and napkins clean
Unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please,
And "Hey for our town!" cried,
March out, and show your willing minds,
By twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington,
Where ale and cakes are plenty;
And let it ne'er be said for shame,
That we the youths of London
Lay thrumming of our caps at home,
And left our custom undone.
Up, then, I say, both young and old,
Both man and maid a-maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud,
And merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our King,
And send his country peace,
And root out treason from the land!
And so, my friends, I cease.

JOHN WEBSTER

[(?) –1630 (?)]

DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

PHINEAS FLETCHER
[1580–1650]

PENITENCE

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from Heaven
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercy to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let His eye
See sin, but through my tears.

RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD
[1582–1635]

FAREWELL, REWARDS AND FAIRIES

Farewell, rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,
The Fairies lost command!
They did but change Priest's babies,
But some have changed your land.
And all your children sprung from thence,
Are grown now Puritans,
Who live as Changelings ever since
For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And, later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old profession.
Their songs were "Ave Mary's,"
Their dances were Procession;
But now, alas, they all are dead;
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled;
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure!
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth was punished, sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue.
O how the commonwealth doth want
Such justices as you!

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
[1585–1649]

PHŒBUS, ARISE

Phœbus, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red;
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she thy cãreer may with roses spread;
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing;
Make an eternal spring!
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long wishèd day
Of all my life so dark
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates not hope betray),
Which, only white, deserves
A diamond for ever should it mark:
This is the morn should bring into this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,

But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Penèus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns, which shine as clear
As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.
Now Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your stormy chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes these purple ports of death.

The winds all silent are;
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills to shun his flaming wheels:
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds bespangle with bright gold their blue:
Here is the pleasant place—
And everything, save Her, who all should grace.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

O sight! too dearly bought,
She sleeps, and though those eyes,
Which lighten Cupid's skies,
Be closed, yet such a grace
Environeth that place,
That I through wonder to grow faint am brought:
Suns, if eclipsed ye have such power divine?
O! how can I endure you when ye shine?

TO CHLORIS

See Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists,
And how with Stygian mists
Each hornèd hill his giant forehead shrouds,
Jove thundreth in the air,
The air grown great with rain,
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again:
I see thee quake, come, let us home repair,
Come hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

JOHN FORD

[1586–1640 (?)]

SONG

Can you paint a thought ? or number
Every fancy in a slumber ?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving ?
Can you grasp a sigh ? or lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely ?
No, oh no ! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty ; such a glory
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

EPILOGUE

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

BRIDAL SONG

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envÿing;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth;
All that thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride.

THE SLEEPLESS HEART

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Tho' the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON
[1587–1642]

TO CYNTHIA
ON THE CONCEALMENT OF HER BEAUTY

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies,
Lest wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night.

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair,
Lest finding neither gold, nor ore,
The curious silkworm work no more.

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the Appenine,
Lest if there be like cold or frost,
The lily be forever lost.

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes, lest it being supprest,
No spices grow in all the east.

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice,
Lest Music, hearing no such thing,
The Nightingale forget to sing.

SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips.
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee hath all their worth.

Do not conceal no beauty-grace,
That's either in thy mind or face,
Lest virtue overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise.

NATHANIEL FIELD
[1587–1633]

MORNING

Rise, lady mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been;
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin.
Is she not a saint, then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam, rise and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance darker than night,
Till thou shine on thy lover.
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the grey morn breaks from thine eyes.

GEORGE WITHER
[1588–1667]

THE DECEITFUL FAIR

I loved a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen:
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me too;
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which passed all others far;
She would me honey call,
She'd—O she'd kiss me too!
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad;
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero loo!

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin was white as snow;
When she was blithe and merry
She angel-like did show;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew:
But now, alas! she's left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give;
You may give them hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue:
For mine, alas! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo!

WHAT CARE I ?

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well deservings known
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WILLIAM BROWNE
[1591 (?)–1645]

SPRING MORNING

Thomalin

Where is every piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white sheep ?
Tell me : is it holiday,
Or if in the month of May
Use they long to sleep ?

Piers

Thomalin, 'tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in nest :
And the thrustle hath not been
Gath'ring worms yet on the green,
But attends her rest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady grove :
But the nightingale in dark
Singing woke the mounting lark :
She records her love.

Not the sun hath with his beams
Gilded yet our crystal streams;
Rising from the sea,
Mists do crown the mountains' tops,
And each pretty myrtle drops:
'Tis but newly day.

Cælia is gone, and now sit I
As Philomela on a thorn,
Turn'd out of Nature's livery,
Mirthless, alone, and all forlorn;
Only she sings not, while my sorrows can
Afford such notes as fit a dying swan.

So shuts the marigold her leaves
At the departure of the sun;
So from honeysuckle sheaves
The bee goes when the day is done.
So sits the turtle when she is but one;
So is all woe; as I now she is gone.

To some few birds kind Nature hath
Made all the summer as one day,
Which once enjoy'd, cold winter's wrath,
As night, they sleeping pass away:
Those happy creatures are that know not yet
The pains to be depriv'd, or to forget.

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful art of Memory;
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

Sad melancholy that persuades
Men from themselves to think they be
Headless or other bodies' shades,
Hath long and bootless dwelt with me;
For could I think she some Idea were,
I still might love, forget, and have her here;

But such she is not: nor would I,
For twice as many torments more,
As her bereaved company
Hath brought to those I felt before;
For then no future time might hap to know,
That she deserv'd, or I did love her so.

Ye hours then but as minutes be,
(Though so I shall be sooner old,)
Till I those lovely graces see,
Which but in her can none behold:
Then be an age that we may never try
More grief in parting, but grow old and die.

PERFECTION

For her gait if she be walking,
Be she sitting I desire her
For her state's sake, and admire her
For her wit if she be talking.
    Gait and state and wit approve her:
    For which all and each I love her.

Be she sullen, I commend her
For a modest. Be she merry,
For a kind one her prefer I.
Briefly everything doth lend her
    So much grace and so approve her,
    That for everything I love her.

WILLIAM BROWNE

A ROUND

All Now that the Spring hath filled our veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green liv'ries for the plains,
And every grove a quire:

Sing we a song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowl.
1 Then here's to thee; *2* And thou to me
And every thirsty soul.

Nor Care nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
Nor never shall do mine;
I have no cradle going yet,
Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,
No hogs are in my ground,
No suit in law to pay a fee,
Then round, old Jocky, round.

All Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man 'scape
To drink of the sherry
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

WILLIAM BROWNE

WELCOME

Welcome, welcome, do I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

He that to the voice is near
Breaking from your iv'ry pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.

Welcome, welcome, then I sing,
Far more welcome than the spring;
He that parteth from you never
Shall enjoy a spring for ever.

He that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To benumb our arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.
Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.

He that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rareness still reposes,
Is a fool, if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.
Welcome, welcome, etc.

He to whom your soft lip yields,
And perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odours of the fields,
Never, never shall be missing.
Welcome, welcome, etc.

He that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.
Welcome, welcome, etc.

THOMAS CAREW

[1595 (?)-1639 (?)]

A SONG

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

ENDURING CHARMS

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:

I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false apostacy.

MORE LOVE OR MORE DISDAIN

Give me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danæ in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven, that's but from hell released.
Then crown my joys or cure my pain:
Give me more love or more disdain.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT
[1606–1668]

SONG AT DAWN

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE
[1608–1666]

OF BEAUTY

Let us use it while we may
Snatch those joys that haste away!
Earth her winter coat may cast,
And renew her beauty past:
But, our winter come, in vain
We solicit spring again:
And when our furrows snow shall cover,
Love may return, but never lover.

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Printed in Great Britain by
Wyman & Sons Ltd., London, Reading and Fakenham.

Date Due

AG 3 '60
MR 2 '66

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

PR
1207
S6
1925

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